Sergeant Wyatt of the stillery is sent as a spy to his Wyatt meets a mountaineer tom Taylor. They ride together to beyond Hot Springs. In the house and Taylor meet Major Harwood, it liorees and an old neighbor of who is sent to bed while the two on tail. Wyatt becomes suspind flods that Taylor has murdered and escaped. Wyatt changes to a cayalry uniform he has with rides away in the night, running etschment of Federal cavalry, to schment of Federal cavalry, to identifies himself as Lieutenant Captain Fox finds Harwood's body flows Taylor's trail, Fox and Wyatt Taylor to be old Ned Cowan. The mant is ambushed. Wyatt escapes dress Brier country and goes to eapstently deserted home.

SHAPTER VI.

Mistress of the House. with ear pressed against the gers gripping the butt of my An ordinary latch held the and I pressed this, openbarrier slightly. The move made not the slightest noise, and no a glimpse within.

at of a small grate fire, her toward me, snuggled comfortably in the depths of an easy chair, because of the high back of the sing between us-only a mass brown hair, a smooth, rounded and the small white hand restthe chair arm. I knew vaguely at was white, her skirt gray, naw the glimmer of a pearlpistol lying on a closed chest side. Still she was only a a mere girl apparently, whom cause to fear. The sudden canned me to smile with reand to return my revolver silentthe delt. Her ayes remained on have withdrawn without a word, that instant, a draft from the ir flickered her light, and she ed about seeking the cause. the startled expression in her of first perceived my shadow; of fell to the floor, her hand the pistel, even as she arose to her feet. The light was face, and I know her to be

are you? Why are you here?" ed tersely, a tremor in the a no shrinking in those eyes and straight at me. d forward from out of the

a step, but the girl recoiled the pearl-handled pistol ris tly to a level with my eyes. where you are!" she ordered re you doing, creeping about o in the dark?"

in the dark exactly," I noaking to relieve the strain, iding my hat in one hand, as ! gravely, "for my lamp is on

at the quiety blinge of ex-In her eyes as they swept ne. There was no evidence of scarcely more than a faint riedsment that my appearance ot entirely unfavorable. Yet hat alone was all I could hope it for that one chance on the that he had never met we ware children, and she would the man now confronting d in the wet and muddy unia Pederal lieutenant. Indeed better the should not; and a clent guarantee." rolled awapt over me as No memory of my features expression in her face, as her from mine to the clothes I

are Union! an officer of of I I can scarcely comprehend should be here." Her attito linger threatening, the gleam-I lowered. "There are Federal at Lewisburg, but-but I do

being here is wholly an acciexplained quietly, "I supposed at away from the storm

as a broken window--" she interrupted, her eyes

r, na donot.

and we left nothing here to attract In She healtated, as though here," she added simply. "This is my home."

"Yes; I supposed as much; you are Miss Noreen Harwood?" Her blue eyes widened, her hand grasping more tightly the back of the

"Yes," she admitted. "You knew my

"Slightly; enough to be aware of the existence of his daughter, and that this was his plantation." "Then you must be connected with

the garrison at Charleston?" "No. Miss Harwood; I belong to the Army of the Potomac, and am here only on recruiting service. A word of explanation will make the situation

clear, and I trust may serve to win

your confidence. I do not have the appearance of a villain, do 1?" "No, or I should not remain parleying with you," she responded gravely. "The war has taught even the women of this section the lesson of self-protection. I am not at all afraid, or i

should not be here alone." "It surprises me, however, that Major Harwood should consent to your remaining..."

"He has not consented," she interrupted. "I am supposed to be safely san reading. I could see little lodged with friends in Lewisburg, but rode out here this afternoon to see the condition of our property. Word



The Book Fell to the Floor, Her Hand Gripping the Pistel.

came to me that the house had been entered. The servants have all gone. and we were obliged to leave it unoceupled. I was delayed, seeking to discover what damage the vandals had done, and then suddenly the storm broke, and I thought it better to remain until morning."

She laughed, as though amused at her own frankness of speech.

"There, I have told you all my story. without even waiting to hear yours.

sufficiently strong." "You mean faith in the other party?" purchase or leave." "Of course; one cannot be conven-1 tional in wartimes, and there is no one

accept you on trust " "My uniform alone should be suff

She laughed; her eyes sparkling. "Well, hardly. I imagine you fail to comprehend its really disreputable condition. But—well, you—you look

like an officer and a gentleman." thank you. However, Miss Harwood, my story can be quickly told. I am a lieutenant, Third United States cavalry-see, the numeral is on my hatattached to Heitzelman's command. now at Fairfax Court House. I have recently been detailed to the recruiting service, and ordered to this sec-

I found it strangely difficult, fronting her calm look of insistence, to go on. But there was no way of escape. Beyond doubt the sympathy of this cuted. "I prefer that you have no table girl was with the cause of the North, doubt as to my identity." and if I were to confess myself Tom-Wyatt, and a Confederate spy, all hope | trembling of her hands as she held the of the success of my mission would be paper open in her fingers, her eyes immediately ended. Besides I lacked not sure as to that. I have the will to forfelt her esteem to per lines. ing of any value missing. mit her confidence in me to become changed into suspicion.

of the propriety of further ex- slowly, endeavoring better to arrange your credentials. I am very glad to course?"

"A gray-headed, seamed-faced mountsineer, they called Cowan." She emitted a quick breath, between closely pressed tips.

"You know the man?" I asked. "Yes; old Ned Cowan; he lived over ander, east of here in the foothills. He and-and my father had some trouble before the war. He he is vindictive and dangerous." She stopped, her glance sweeping about the room. "I-I have some reason to suspect/" she added, as if half doubting whether she ought to speak the word, "that either he, or one of his men, broke in bere."

"In search of something?"

"A paper; yes-a deed. Of course may be mistaken; only it is not to be found. The desk in the library was rifled, and its contents scattered over the floor when I came. I put them back in place, but found nothing of value among those that remained. My father must have removed those of importance.

"Possibly he carried them with

She leaned her head on her hand, her eyes thoughtful.

"I think he once told me they were left in charge of a banker at Charleston-an old friend. It would be too dangerous to carry them about with him in the field. You see I do not know very much about his affairs," she explained. "I was away at school when the war broke out, and we have not talk freely of his personal matters | lamp without?" even to me. I learned of his feud with Cowan by accident."

"It was a feud then?" "On one side at least. My father was shot at, and several of our out houses burned. The trouble grose

over the title to property. Cowan,' she explained, "was a squatter on land which had belonged to our family ever since my grandfather first settled here. We had title from Virginia, but the tract granted had never been properly surveyed. My father had it done, and discovered that Ned Cowan and two of his sons occupied a part of our land with no legal right."

Her eyes uplifted to my face, and then fell again, one hand opening and closing on the back of the chair. She laughed pleasantly.

"I hardly know why I am telling you all this family history," she continued almost in apology. "It is as if I talked to an old friend who was naturally interested in our affairs."

"Perhaps the manner of our meeting accounts for it," I ventured. "But truly I am more deeply interested than you imagine. It may prove of mutual advantage for me to know the facts. Did Major Harwood try to force them

from his land?" "Oh, no," hastily, "my father had no such thought. He tried to help them to purchase the property at a very small price, and on long time. His intention was to aid them, but be found himself unable to convince either father or sons of his real purpose. They either could not, or would not, understand. Do you realize the reckless, lawless nature of these mountain

"Yes, to some extent; they trust ne

"That was the whole trouble. Seem ingly they possessed but one ideathat if my father was killed they could remain where they were indefinitely. "Tis a woman's way, if her impulse be Their single instinct was to fight it out with rifles. They refused to either

There was silence, as though she had finished. She had seated herself here to properly introduce us, even if on the wide arm of the chair, still facthat formality was desired. So I must | ing me, and I could hear the rain beat ing hard against the side of the house. Suddenly she looked up into my face. "How odd that I should talk to you

so freely," she exclaimed. "Why I do not even know your name."

"Charles H. Raymond," I could not be certain that the expression of her eyes changed, for they "For which compliment I sincerely suddenly looked away from me, and she stood again upon her feet.

"Raymond, you say!" the alightest hardening of tone apparent, "oo re cruiting service from the Army of the Potomac?" She drew a quick breath. "I-I think I have heard the name before. Would you mind if I did ask to see your orders?"

wholly surprised that she should have our class." heard of the other, and confident the

She took them, and I noted a slight glancing swiftly down the written

"I have become quite a soldier of to a stranger. "I-I belong my story. "I picked up a guide at meet you, Lieutenant Raymond," and

serve in any manner possible," I re-

plied gallantly, relieved that she was so easily convinced. "Oh, I think the service is more likely to be mine. You confessed you



Hands as She Held the Paper Open In Her Fingers.

broke in here seeking after food and a fire. Down below we may find both, and it will be my pleasure thus to only met briefly since. My father did serve a Federal officer. You have a

"On the stairs?"

She led the way like a mistress in her own home, and I followed. There was a force of character about the girl not to be ignored. She chose to treat me as a guest, uninvited, but none the less welcome, a position I was not reluctant to accept. I held the lamp as we went down the stairs together, the rays of light pressing aside the curtain of darkness.

CHAPTER VII.

Parson Nichols.

She put aside laughingly my suggestion of assistance. The fire in the grate burst into blaze, and her hands were busily rearranging the table.

"With no servants left, and the house unoccupied for months," she explained, "I shall have to give you sol dier fare, and, perhaps, not very much of that. Pardon my not joining in the feast, as I have only just eaten."

She drew up a chair opposite to where I sat, supporting her chin in her hands. The light between us illumined her face, outlining it clearly against the gloom of the wall behind It was a young face, almost girlish in a way, although there was a grave, strong look to the eyes, and womanly firmness about lips and chin. I had seen so little of her in the days gone by. And here I found her a woman-a woman of charm, of rare beauty even; sweet and wholesome in look, her cheeks aglow with health, her eyes

deep wells of mystery and promise. Her father! I dare not tell her of his death, of his dastardly murder. It was strange she had not recognized me, yet probably the real truth was that she had never before observed me with any care or interest-considering me a mere boy to be laughed at and forgotten. I was only a stranger entering into her life for the first time. This expression was in the eyes surveying me as I ate-quiet, earnest eyes, utterly devoid of suspicion.

"You are a very young man," she said simply.

"Not seriously so," I answered, rather inclined to resent the charge, "I am twenty four."

"You look like a boy I used to know only his eyes were darker, and he had long hair."

"Indeed!" I caught my breath quickly, yet held my eyes firm, "Someone living about here?"

"Yes: his name was Wyatt. I never knew him very well, only you recalled sugar crock, the platform shown in him to memory in some way. He and | Fig. 6 saves the lifting of the scrub his mother went South when the war | pail from place to place while scrub first broke out. Where was your

"In Burlington, Vermont."

"You are a regular soldier?" "I was a junior at West Point last "Not in the least," I answered, not year; we were graduated ahead of

Her eyes fell, the lashes outlined on papers I bore would be properly exe- her cheeks, her hands clasped on the

"Isn't that odd!" she said quietly. "Do you know Mme. Hactell's school for young ladies at Compton on the Hudson? That is where papa sent me. and I was at the senior hop at West Point a year ago last June. A half dozen of us girls went up; Fred Carllate," she said, and handed the pack- ton of Charleston was in that class, "Then I will go on," I said more age back to me. "And I cannot doubt and he invited me. You knew him, of

saved increases the average length of jeditor observes that Lafayette. Kosci- | sale of liquor for medical, mechanical life, though mature persons go on dy usko, Pulaski and De Kalb were not and scientific purposes. A farmer ing prematurely, just as they did be- "fust plain Americans;" "they were came in one day and offered to purfore. Statistics are sometimes very considered either hyphenated Ameri- chase a gallon of stuff from the local cans or not Americans at all." This druggist. Out came the druggist's men with the rescue of young children | looked; if the hyphen has been em- pose for which the liquor was to be from untimety death is filling the phasized it has often been for the used must be recorded "What are country with a comparatively routh sake of emphasising Americanism. A you going to use it for medical, meful population. The phalang in the citizen who is called by others a Pole chanteal or scientific purposes? neighborhood of forty years is in- or Bohemian or Italian is on the patri- asked the drug clerk. "You might as creating rapidly. That between fifty otle side when he insists on adding well put it down as mechanical." reand sixty is diminishing in proportion "American" to what others call him, sponded the farmer. "I'm goin' to to the whole number. This is not as Nor is it just to scold about hyphens have a barn raisin."-Kansas City

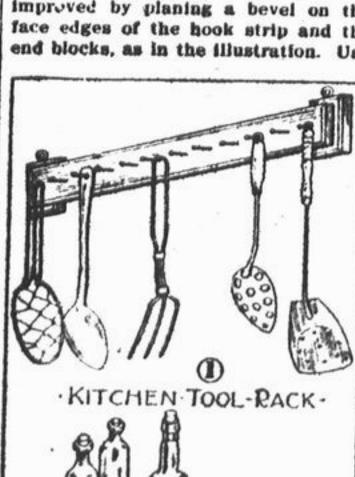
> Matthew Arnold was sitting in his small boy. The lady said: "Glad to

By A. NEELY HALL

TERE are a few contrivances for | two holes through both covers and the kitchen and pantry which

by her handy boy. Nothing better could be selected for her Christmas gift. most convenient when bung directly and back, by which to tie the little over the kitchen worktable. The case shut when not in use. Mark length of the book strip will be determined by the space in which it is to hang, and by the numbe, of forks, spoons and other tools which it will be required to hold.

The appearance of the rack will be improved by planing a bevel on the face edges of the hook strip and the end blocks, as in the illustration. Use



brass screws or galvanized nails for hooks, and screw a screweye into the top edge of each end block to hang the rack by.

BOTTLE-RACK

The bottle rack in Fig. 2 will hold your mother's bottles of extract, catch up, sauces and dressings, and eliminate the possibility of upsetting botties when reaching for the one wanted.

Narrow strips should be used for the division strips of the rack, to save space and make the rack light in weight. Laths planed smooth on all sides will do for the side and center strips, elso for the cross strips The ends must be about three inches

The swinging shelf shown in Fig. 4 is an excellent provision for the sugar and salt crocks, as it makes it possible to swing these out from between the



pantry shelves, then back into place after using, without lifting them. Fig. 5 shows how the swinging bracket is made of a strip two inches wide and ten inches long (A), with a block two inches wide and six inches long nailed to each side of it at one bracket a cake tin is screwed or nalled on which to set the crock. Hinge the end of the bracket strip A to one end of the shelf supports, or else set in an upright piece between two shelves to acrew the hinge to l'ec a me

dium sized T hinge for this bracket In the same way that the swinging shelf eliminates the lifting of the

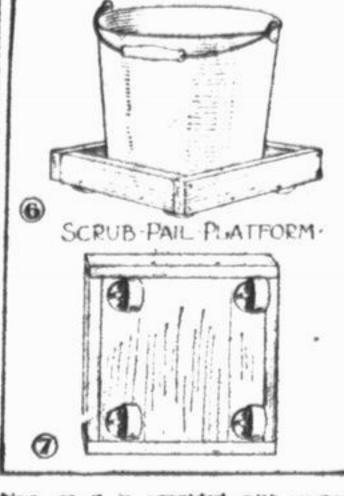
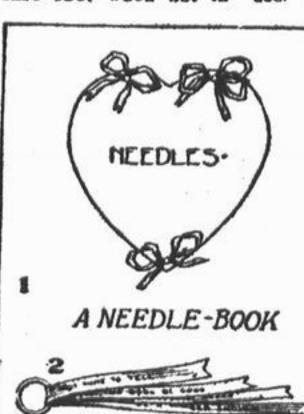


Fig 7 shows bow the castors are strius are nailed to the eriges, form ing a rim that prevents the pail from

Either paint or shellac each article done your work carefully, mother will have something to be proud of.

IT is high time to be making Christ lare the homes of America. We hear a mas gifts, ad the little articles il-derest deal shout the higher education. lustrater below are so simple that they | but there is a higher education will. can be completed in almost no time | the highest that can be had. In he at all. They are mexpensive to make, tound in the forty terms of self-con showed in an American lady and a too, requiring only bits of cardboard. Iron and self-sacrifice and sublima and some preces of silk and ribbon taith and splended trest which home

leaves each side of the :enter of the will be appreciated by mother if made Then pull a piece of narrow ribbon through the holes and tie a small bow. Fasten pieces of ribbon to the The tool rack shown in Fig. 1 is lower points of the heart, both front



Needles" upon the front cover with ink or water colors.

A BOOK-MARKER

Fig. 2 shows a book-marker made of one and one-fourth yards of No. 7 white satin or grosgrain ribbon. Cut the ribbon into two pieces, one piece measuring 12 inches and the other 24 | membrane of the inches, and pull them half way through a little brass ring such as is used in crochet work, fastening them in place with a few stitches. complete the marker, letter the following upon the ribbons with black ink or water colors, placing one line of the stenza on each ribbon end:

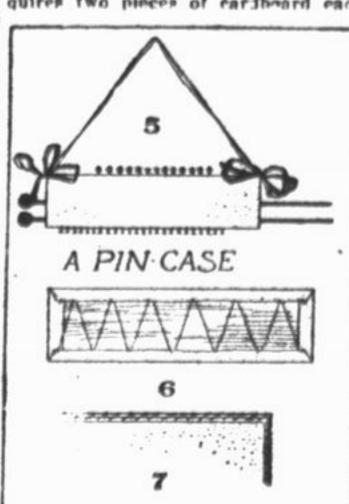
"Not mine to tell If the book is good: But I keep my place As a marker should."

The triangular-shaped book-marker



of white writing paper seven inches square. Fold the square in half, diagunally, an' cut along the folded line. Then take one-balf and fold it in half again. The dotted line in Fig. 4 indicutes where to fold. Punch holes through the folded piece near one open end (these boles are indicated on the unfolded piece), and with parrow ribbon lace the edges together, and tie the ribbor ends in a bow. Cut a picture from a magazine and paste it upon the front. Tols little marker lips over the corner of the page you w.nt to mark

The . in case shown in Fig 5 -equires two pieces of earthward each



st in res tong the one and the nat toches , ige Cover each thece with pretty silk, turning over the edges a the silk and basting on the wrong side as shown in Fig 6. Then my the preces together, and sew the edges over and over as indicated in Fig. 7. Faster a ribbon to the ends of one long side by which to nang up the case (Fig. 5)

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cator of mankind. We have a multiends of institutions which we call achonia, but the real schools, where the real lessons of life are learned. The pretty heart shaped needle book | teach. There is no training to be



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The bride-elect doesn't mind being caught in a linen or china shower. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the

ago. They regulate liver and bowels.-Adv. "I see where a man was arrested

"You don't mean it!" "Yes; they were bank notes, and he took them out of another man's

last night for taking notes at a lec-

pocket." Quite Likely. "I can't understand it," said the fair customer in the shoe store. "You say these are No. 4's, and they pinch dreadfully. The pair I had before

any trouble." "Perhaps the threes were marked

were threes, and they never gave me

down," suggested the salesman. Only Once. "Do you see the man?" "Yes. I see the man."

"What is he doing?" "He is blowing his fingers, jumping up and down and acting in such a way that his wife looked at him in astonishment and fear. kicked over two chairs, torn down the lace curtains and made a rush for

the kitchen." "But has the man gone crazy all of a sudden?"

"Oh, no; he was hunting for a colfar button and picked up his wife's red-hot curling tongs in an absent way. Lots of husbands do thatonce. He won't speak to her for the next three days, but he will not dia of his injuries, and the experience may do him good

A Powerful Physique

ls a valuable asset, but-

Strength of body must be combined with a healthy. active mind, to make for success.

It is well established that

both body and brain are

nourished and rebuilt daily from food-each taking up the particular elements required.

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made of wheat and malted barley, supplies all the rich nutriment of the grains including the vital mine elements necessary for build ing stout bodies and activ

has outlived the competitive struggle origin, are called simply Americans. unble figure in our national life - | derstood that it does not separate, but

The rapid extinction of our elderly is a point of view too often over hould be. The mature man who | until all , citizena, whatever their Journal

and has letsure to serve There is not a bit of barm in the in perhaps the most val- hyphen, so long as it is clearly un-

unites.—Springfield Republican.

Exhibiting a Post.

make your acquaintance, Mr. Arnold from mother's scrap-bag.